Second Part: Pages 1 to 4.

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

Second Part: Pages 1 to 4.

WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1907.

A GREAT MESALLIANCE

Prince of the Greeks to Become Through Marriage a Part Owner of Monte Carlo.

By EX-ATTACHE.

Last year Henry Labouchere, in discussing in the pages of his London weekly, Truth, the Marquis of Townshend cause celebre, revealed the fact that certain of the well-born attaches of the House of Commons were connected with a matrimonial agency, and at the same time brought to light the fact that the principal bargain which the concern in question had on its books was a princess of the house of Bonaparte, with a fortune of $15,000,000. A titled husband was then sought by the matrimonial agents for this princess, their terms being a commission of $200,000, payable to them on the day of the solemnization of the marriage. The princess in question was Marie, daughter of Roland Bonaparte, by his marriage with Marie Blanc, one of the daughters and heiresses of that old Francis Blanc who founded the great gambling establishment of Monte Carlo. The announcement now officially made from Copenhagen of the engagement of this heiress to Prince George of Greece, under the circumstances will naturally give rise to the query as to whether this mesalliance has been negotiated through the agency in question, and whether or not Prince George and his bride will be called upon to pay the commission of $200,000 above mentioned.

It is impossible to describe the match as anything else than a mesalliance, and one, too, of the most discreditable character, and there is but little ground for surprise that the union should have met with so much opposition on the part of the relatives of Prince George in Denmark, in Russia, in England, and in Germany, and that his father, King George, should have hesitated so long before giving his consent to the marriage. Some years ago, when the girl's father, Roland Bonaparte, endeavored to obtain the hand of Princess Letitia Bonaparte, widow of the Duke of Aosta, whose income is in no sense of the word commensurate with her extravagant tastes, her brother-in-law, King Humbert, and at a later period her nephew, the present ruler of Italy, indignantly declined to consider his matrimonial aspirations, on the ground that the unsavory source of his wealth and the questionable character of his birth and parentage rendered any marriage with a princess of the reigning house of Savoy impossible. The fortune of Marie Bonaparte is like that of her father, derived from the greatest public gambling establishment in the world; namely, that of Monte Carlo, which has been rightly described as the plague spot of Europe, and where the number of suicides who have taken their lives after being ruined at the tables, and lie buried in the principality, exceeds the number of its living population. Nor can Marie Bonaparte's lineage be said to be in any way superior to that of her father. If anything, it is worse, for if his mother was the daughter of a journeyman plumber, and his maternal grandfather a concierge de janitor, her mother was a daughter of old Francis Blanc, who had risen from croupier at the public gambling tables at Wiesbaden to be the creator and principal owner of the great public gambling hell on the island of Monaco.

"Roland's father, Prince Peter Bonaparte, was one of the younger sons of the great Emperor's youngest brother, Lucien, the only brother who, owing to his refusal to submit to the will of Napoleon in matters domestic and political, was compelled to forego any share in the thrones which the mighty Corsican distributed so lavishly among the other members of his family. Peter not only lived, but also fought in America. He spent a considerable time in Bordentown, N. J., with his father's brother, ex-King Joseph Bonaparte, of Spain, and where he was in frequent trouble with the local authorities by reason of the unbridled violence of his character. He then took part in the wars in Central America, seeing a good deal of service under the Colombian general Santander. Returning to Italy, he, while engaged in poaching, had the misfortune to kill a gamekeeper, and, thrown into prison and charged with murder, he managed to effect his escape and came again to the United States, this time as a fugitive from justice, and led a precarious existence here until the overthrow of King Louis Philippe and the election of his first cousin, Napoleon III, to the Presidency of the republic. Napoleon III by no means relished the relationship of this particularly black sheep of his family, and was greatly displeased at his coming to Paris.

But he eventually agreed to give him an allowance of some $20,000 a year, on the condition that he would remain altogether in the background and make no attempt to figure at any court ceremonies or in any official functions. Peter complied with these stipulations, and little was heard of him until in January, 1870, he shot down in the drawing-room of his house in the Rue d'Auteuil, in the suburbs of Paris, the unarmed and defenseless journalist, Victor Noir, who had called upon him with Ulric de Fonvielle, at his invitation, in order to arrange for a duel between him and their principal, Paschal Grousset.

The murder was of such a particularly brutal and cowardly nature that it excited a storm of indignation throughout France, and, of course, entailed the publication far and wide of all the unsavory incidents of the prince's career in Italy, in America, and in France. Tried for his life at Tours, he was acquitted of the charge of murder, but sentenced to pay heavy damages to the family of his victim, which they refused to receive. This outcome of the trial gave rise to great popular dissatisfaction. Indeed, the entire affair created such an outbreak of animosity and of denunciation, not only of Peter himself, but of the entire Bonaparte family, that it has generally been regarded as having been one of the chief contributory causes of the downfall of the empire in September of the same year.

Immediately after the trial, Prince Peter was ordered by his cousin, Napoleon III, to leave the country, and withdrew to Belgium, where the outbreak of the war found him. After Sedan, his allowance stopped, and, finding his appeals to Napoleon III ignored, he proceeded to England. On one memorable occasion he made an attempt to secure an interview with the ex-Emperor at Chislehurst, but was met in the grounds by Empress Eugenie, who not only ordered him off the place, but threatened to invoke the aid of the police unless he quitted England at once. He thereupon withdrew to Belgium, leaving in England Justine Ruffin and the two children whom she had borne him, namely, Roland and Jeanne, now married to the Marquis de Villeneuve. There has always been a certain amount of doubt and mystery as to the nature of the union of Prince Peter with Justine Rufflin. According to the laws of France which were in force throughout the reign of Napoleon III, no member of his family could contract a valid marriage without his sanction. Peter made no attempt to obtain any authorization to marry Justine Rufflin, knowing full well that the necessary permission would be refused by the Emperor. But he is said to have married her after the downfall of the empire. A variety of dates have been given to this alleged marriage, even in the various issues of the Almanach de Gotha.

But the fact remains that as long as Prince Peter was alive and had any say in the matter, he figured in the pages of the Almanach de Gotha as a bachelor, and passed officially as such. Any reference to the Almanachs de Gotha prior to 1880 will show this. It was only several years after his death, not indeed until Roland had secured through the intervention of the American-born Countess de Trobriand the hand and fortune of Marie Blanc, that the Almanach de Gotha condescended to take any notice of his existence, or to intimate that he was the son of Prince Peter, or that the latter had ever been married. That Prince Peter would not have tolerated any such assumption on the part of Roland, if he had been alive, is perhaps best shown by his attitude toward Justine Ruflin, after he had abandoned her and her two children in London, declining to have anything more to do with her, or to contribute to her support. Thrown on her own resources, she started a millinery shop at 91 Bond street, in London, with the imperial arms of France, and the name "Princess Pierre Bonaparte" figuring conspicuously over the door and on the shop window, the object of the venture being, of course, to induce either the ex-Emperor or Empress Eugenie to make some allowance, or to buy her out at a large sum. No attention was paid to the matter by the imperial exiles at Chislehurst, and as the English public chose to see in the enterprise an attempt to extort money from the unfortunate ex-monarch rather than a bona-fide commercial venture, it was not long before Justine Ruffin became involved in bankruptcy, and when she further associated herself with some dishonest promoters of a London concern, entitled "The Comtoir d'Escompte de France," of which she accepted the presidency, and which necessitated the intervention of the police, she was compelled to make a hasty and secret departure, and seek refuge in France. Prince Peter, on that occasion, wrote very uncomplimentary letters concerning her to the English newspapers, not merely repudiating all financial responsibility for the liabilities which she had incurred, but even denyng her right to use his name, and the title of Princess Pierre Bonaparte. When he died, in 1881, it was found that he had left all his belongings to the dame who had taken Justine's place in his affections, and to his son, by this woman.

Justine, after returning with her children to France, lived to a great extent on charity, and in 1874 was reduced to such a state of destitution that she dispatched her son, Roland, to Marshal MacMahon, at that time President of the republic, with the pawn tickets of everything belonging to her two children and herself, entreating him to help her. MacMahon, who was generous to a fault, not only redeemed all the pawn tickets, but likewise gave young Roland a couple of thousand francs, and managed to bring the matter to the knowledge of Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, first cousin of Prince Peter. Princess Mathilde, while declining to do anything for Justine, or to hold any communication with her, undertook to contribute two or three thousand francs a year to the schooling and maintenance of the two children; and Roland, who was a good-looking lad, after graduating in due course from school, and winning a commission of sublieutenant in the Thirty-sixth Regiment of Infantry, managed to secure, through old Mme. de Trobriand, the hand of Marie Blanc, one of the two daughters and heiresses of the founder of the great gambling establishment at Monte Carlo. The countess knew Marie Blanc, and liked the girl, and her sympathies had been, since several years, actively interested in behalf of Roland Bonaparte and his sister, to whose maintenance, indeed, she had contributed.

Roland Bonaparte left the army on his marriage, which transformed him from a penniless man into a multi-millionaire, and into one of the principal owners of the gambling establishment at Monte Carlo. His wife died a few days after giving birth to the daughter who is now about to wed Prince George of Greece. It cannot be said that Justine showed an overwhelming sorrow at the death of her daughter-in-law, who had placed her son and herself above want. For it seemed at the time to pave the way to the realization of her ambitions, which were that Roland should marry Princess Letitia Bonaparte, widow of the Duke of Aosta, and then, by buying off the Princess' brothers, Victor and Louis Bonaparte, place himself forward as a pretender to the imperial throne of France.

This little project was, of course, frustrated by the refusal of King Humbert and of King Victor Emmanuel to permit the marriage of Princess Letitia to Roland. The latter has endeavored, like his business associate and part owner of the gambling tables, namely, the Prince of Monaco, to obtain indulgence for the tainted source of his wealth by devoting a portion thereof, as well as much of his time and energy, to the cause of science, and while the ruler of the rouge-et-noir principality has undoubtedly contributed much toward the advancement of oceanography, Roland Bonaparte has been active in behalf of geography, and has furnished the initiative and the means for many interesting explorations. In fact, he has, in some respects, been a useful member of the commonwealth, the principal objections to him being the sordid and shameful origin of his riches, the questionable character of his birth, and his assumption of a princely title, to which he cannot possibly show any right, since he was admittedly born out of legal wedlock, even if any marriage ever existed between his parents.

With regard to Prince George of Greece, it is difficult to refrain from the impression that he has been prompted by considerations of money rather than of affection in his suit for the hand of Marie Bonaparte. He is in many respects a disappointed man, who is conscious that in spite of the magnificent opportunities placed within his reach, he has proved himself in the eyes of the world a failure in everything that he has undertaken. His gigantic stature—he is the Anak of Old World royalty—and his feat while in Japan of felling the would-be assassin of the present Czar, and of thus saving the latter's life, caused him to be at one time an object of popular favor and good will, not only throughout Europe, but also in America, which he visited some fifteen years ago. But the lamentable showing which he made as commander of the torpedo boat division, and as one of the ranking officers of the navy during the war with Turkey, when so much was expected from the costly Grecian fleet, was followed by a still greater amount of bungling on his part as governor general of Crete, an office to which he was appointed with a large salary and allowances, and where he showed himself not a liberal-minded ruler, but a petty despot. Indeed, his behavior while in Crete, his neglect to fulfill any of the expectations which had been formed as to the success of his viceroyalty, and the trouble which he gave to the great powers by his absurd pretensions, his extravagant demands, his constant complaints, and by his indifference to the duties and obligations of his office, were such as to excite ill will against him in every capital of Europe.

With no prospect of succeeding to the crown of Greece or of Denmark, and realizing that after the experiment in Crete there can never be any question of his being chosen, like his cousin, Charles of Denmark, to occupy any vacant throne, he has apparently come to the conclusion that the only thing left for him is to devote himself to a life of idleness and pleasure, with every luxury placed within his reach by means of a fortune that renders him independent of the authority of the Crown of Greece or of any of the other royal houses of Europe. For scions of royalty are subjected to a good deal of tyranny on the part of the chiefs of their dynasties, who take advantage of their position, not only as head of the family, but also as sovereign, to suspend the payment of the allowances of any of the princes or princesses of their house who decline to conform to their views. As one of the part proprietors of the Monte Carlo establishment, and deriving a large annual income from its tables, and from the ruin of the foolish people who play there, and as being in addition thereto in control of his wife's fortune of $15,000,000, George will from henceforth be able to snap his fingers at his royal and imperial relatives, and in particular at his father, King George of Grece, who, going to Athens in 1863 as a penniless princelet of Denmark, has managed so well for himself that he has accumulated a very big fortune, the foundations of which were laid by means of speculation in American grain, under the advice of the late Gen. Meredith Reade, United States envoy at Athens during the Russian war with Turkey, when all the Black Sea grain ports were closed to maritime trade.

KING EDWARD AS AN ARTIST

Other European Royalties with Talent for Painting.

Many of Queen Victoria's Descendents Have Marked Artistic Ability and So Has German Emperor.

King Edward cannot only boast that he has had a picture exhibited at Burlington House at an earlier age than the most precocious of our present Royal Academicians, says London Tit-Bits, but that his picture was purchased for a substantial sum before the public even set eyes on it.

This remarkable and little known episode in his majesty's life occurred more than half a century ago, when Queen Victoria's children contributed sketches to an exhibition which was held at Burlington House in aid of a fund for the soldiers wounded in the Crimean war. The record price in the exhibition was realized by a sketch entitled "The Battlefield," the work of the Princess Royal, which found a purchaser for the sum of 250 guineas. The Prince of Wales' sketch (he was only thirteen at the time) was bought for 55 guineas; and drawings by the still younger princes and princesses fetched 30 guineas each.

There is, as a matter of fact, scarcely one of Queen Victoria's descendants who has not inherited in some degree her love of art. The late Empress Frederick was throughout her life passionately fond of painting and exhibited so much skill that the Berlin Academy of Arts enrolled her among its members in recognition of her "talent as a composer and a draftswoman."

Princess Henry of Battenberg is little less skillful with the brush, as is proved by the three beautiful landscapes which for so many years hung in Queen Victoria's sitting room at Osborne, and by many other pictures which have honored places in almost every royal palace in Great Britain. Princess Christian's talent takes the form of exquisite designs for the tapestry produced under her direction at the Royal School of Art Needlework, and Princess Victoria, her daughter, is one of the most skillful amateur painters of flowers in England.

But undoubtedly the best artist in our royal family is Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, who can produce with equal skill a beautiful picture or a life size statue which will compare not unfavorably with most professional work.

Nor is proficiency in art by any means confined to English royalties. It is not long since a sumptuous volume was published for a charitable cause, the illustrations of which were largely supplied by royal artists. The German Emperor contribute a striking picture of a large ship riding at anchor on a placid sea, surrounded by smaller boats and with a background of distant snowcapped mountains. Queen Amelie of Portugal was represented by a study of a donkey's head, ornamented with gayly colored trappings; the Queen of Spain by an exquisite study of flowers; the Empress Frederick by a powerful sketch of a boy's head, and Princess Clara of Bavaria by an ambitious and successful etching.

The German Emperor, as is well known, is an artist of much more than average skill. One of his pictures, "Fight Between Battle Ships," is a remarkably powerful piece of work, exhibiting rare skill and technical knowledge, while his design for the tower of the Church of Our Saviour at Jerusalem proves that he is no mean architect and draftsman.

King Carlos of Portugal, however, is by universal consent the ablest artist among European sovereigns. Year after year his canvases attract crowds of admirers at the exhibitions of the Lisbon Salon, while at the Paris exhibition a pastel entitled "Tunny Fish on the Portuguese Coast" won for him the honor of a silver medal.

The Shah of Persia has cultivated his talent for drawing with considerable enthusiasm. His hobby takes a very curious form, for we are told that in his palace at Teheran he has a studio, the walls of which are covered with white paper on which he does his sketching. When the four walls are covered with drawings he has them repapered and starts again.

CARD SHARPS AT SEA

How Passengers on Board Steamships Are Warned and the Gamblers Are Watched.

PASSENGERS
on this steamship are respectfully
WARNED
against engaging in
GAMES OF CHANCE OR CARDS
with
STRANGERS.

Any one going to Europe on the big liners may see this warning, or one in the same general terms, hung conspicuously in the smoking room of his steamship, says the New York Times. It means that there are professional gamblers aboard ready to fleece him out of his ready cash at poker, dice, or a confidence game.

Who are the social hyenas? The passengers, more or less confident of their own respectability, look on the strangers around them with suspicion. All the men are well dressed. Many are habitues of the smoking rooms—jovial fellows with money in their pockets, racy stories on their tongues, and the inclination to while away tedious hours with poker. It takes an expert to pick out a criminal, especially a card sharp. Which of these men are thieves.

The captain and head steward of the liner probably know them by sight, and watch their every move. So do the detectives on the piers at Havre, Cherbourg, and Southampton. So do the officials at Scotland Yard, London, and at police headquarters in Mulberry street in this city. Thanks to the Bertillon system, the passengers who cross in the big liners every summer may learn to know the card sharps as well as the police do.

There may be a thick-set man, slightly above medium height, with black hair, a face slightly pockmarked, eyes that stare inquiringly, and a large, thick-lipped mouth drooping at the corners. Look for scars on the left forearm and on the back of the left hand. If this description fits the passenger may be "Doc Owens," or Jacob Owen, one of the best-known card players of the ocean liners. "Doc Owens" declares he has given up the game, and is out of it. He turns up every now and then, however, on liners where the passengers are fleeced.

A Big Swindle.

Another six-foot fellow seems to be too dull and heavy to be a swindler. He is about forty years old, and weighs fully 200 pounds. His double chin and thick lips add to the general impression of torpor. As likely as not he will have a thin, short mustache, and dark brown hair will be brushed straight back from a forehead that has a scar upon it. A mole in front of his left ear will be a good point of identification. Such is a description of Chester Baldwin, alias McKenzie, alias McCormack, an American by birth, a bookkeeper by occupation, a traveling salesman in appearance.

James Strosnider is very much the same type of man—six feet tall, heavy, brown-haired and blue-eyed. He is, however, more of the blonde type. A scar extends down the right side of his face and along the neck beneath it.

The peculiarity of brown hair and blue eyes is also to be noticed in Jerome McKay, whose journeys over seas are objects of deep interest to the officers of the big liners. McKay's long lip has a decided outward curve. His face habitually wears a look of impassive calm. When his hat is off, passengers may note a scar on his forehead. If he should be dealing cards, some of the men around him might also notice that the middle and third fingers of his left hand are twisted.

A cheerful little man with beady eyes and a lower lip that hangs out in a stubborn sort of a way may give another name and tell a different story, but the police know him as Harry Cohen, and he is "Sheeny Mike" or "Black Mike" with his pals—a bookmaker by occupation and a "con man" in the detectives' books.

How They Book.

For one thing, it is next to impossible to prevent the gamblers from boarding the big liners. As the manager of one of the companies explained last week, passage is refused the card sharps if they are known and ask for staterooms at the main booking office.

"We say the liner is full," said the manager. "But what is to prevent them going to any steamship agent and booking under another name? Or how can we stop them if they rush aboard at the last moment and say to the steward, 'Here we are; you must fix us up?' This is a favorite trick."

Once aboard ship, the booking agent continued, the known card sharp is a marked man. The head steward and his staff watch him in the smoking room, note with whom he talks, and reports to the captain at once if the gambler plays cards. A few hours later the loungers in the smoking room will see one of the stewards enter and hang up another sign. It is three feet wide, about one-half as high, and has a legend in letters four inches high. The sign reads:

Beware of Professional Gamblers.

When the passenger sees such a sign he may be assured that it is intended for the card sharp rather than himself. As the gambler sees it, the warning means, "Hands Off." The passengers seldom hear the sequel. A well-dressed stranger may be lounging on the rail watching the smoke of a distant steamer, when a steward taps him on the shoulder.

"The captain insists," says the messenger, "that you do not play cards during the voyage."

Perhaps the warning is heeded, perhaps not. If the card sharp is found playing cards he is asked to call at the captain's cabin, where the warning is made a command. A complaint of a passenger leads to investigation and restitution. The captain may appear in the smoking room and publicly break up a poker game, and drive out the card sharp. In extreme cases the gambler is locked in his stateroom and a guard placed at the door for the rest of the voyage.

Beware of Cards.

According to the police, the repetition of such experiences, reported from time to time in the newspapers has gradually educated the public until passengers on the liners have become wary of jovial strangers with a weakness for poker and dice. This knowledge, and the fact that he is so well known, has done much to throw "Doc Owens" into the background.

One April day about two years ago Detective Mallon was standing by the gangplank of the Cedric watching for gamblers. He knew most of them well. Suddenly a dapper little man passed him. It was just three minutes before the liner sailed, and the new arrival was in a great hurry.

"Good morning, Mallon," sailed the little man, as he passed up the gangplank. "It looks as if we'd have a fine voyage."

Before Mallon could interfere the man was lost in the crowd on the Cedric's decks. It was "Doc Owens," whom the detective was particularly anxious to see.

One of the most conspicuous episodes that brought the gamblers into disrepute was the loss of $1,500 by the young Earl of Rosslyn, while on his way from this city to England in the Cunarder Etruria five years ago. The earl was accosted by three men, who posed as well-to-do Americans. They were soon playing cards for all kinds of stakes, and Lord Rosslyn was the chief loser. He was afterward sued on a check for $150, given, it was said, in part payment of his gambling debt. Two attorneys were the plaintiffs, but "Doc Owens" was believed to be behind the suit. Lord Rosslyn won the case, because there had been no consideration for the check.

About the same time "Doc Owens" had his legal fight to prevent his picture being placed in the records of the police department. He said there was no reason why it should go there, and its presence injured his reputation. Judge Leventritt decided, however, that no one could object to having his picture at police headquarters, provided it was not used for other than official purposes.

On German Boat.

In the following year the name of "Doc Owens" was coupled with the story of a quarrel over cards on the liner Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse that nearly ended in a tragedy. It was said that "Doc Owens" was on the passenger lists under another name. Another passenger, C. A. Partene, of this city, was reported to have lost $1,500 at cards. He publicly accused the man with whom he had been playing of cheating and of being a card sharp. Beside himself with rage, the gambler seized Partene and dragged him toward the rail as if to throw him overboard. The deck hands knocked down the gambler and thrashed him severely before he would give up the quarrel.

Then came the beginning of the end, so far as the older card sharps were concerned. They became so well known that it was next to impossible for them to "work" the passengers of the big liners. Besides "Doc Owens" there were Joseph Kahn, or Clay, familiarly known as "Paper Collar Joe," whose name was connected with those of Adam Worth, Charles Becker, and Pat Sheedy in the theft of Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire" in London in 1896; Baldwin, with a record of four years in a Canadian prison on a charge of theft; Frederick Williams, sheetwriter and wire-tapper; "Black Mike," "Big Jim" Strosnider, who served five years in the New Jersey State Prison on a charge of false pretenses, and whose name appeared in the story of the embezzlement of $12,000 from Dr. John A. Harris, a broker, at the Gainsborough apartments two years ago, and Cecil A. Brackett, who combined gambling and the business of a diamond broker. The names and pictures of all these men were placed in the police archives, where all who chose might read.

Then younger and unknown gamblers appeared on the ocean liners. According to the police, the well-known card sharps dropped out, but some of them employed new men to work for them while they engineered the games.

Deutschland Incident.

An incident on the Deutschland two years ago serves as an example of the many told of the newer type. A game of poker was started in the smoking room and lasted for three days without a break. "Doc Owens" was a passenger on the liner, but took no part in the game. Two of the players, however, had been recognized as card sharps from Chicago, and the wiser passengers would not play.

At last the game lay between one of the experts and a New Yorker. The losses of the latter footed up to nearly $700, when he opened a jackpot. In his hand were three jacks and a pair of kings. Certain that he would recoup for his losses, he raised, and raised again. Then he "called" the other man. His opponent threw down three aces and a pair of jacks. That ended the poker games for the voyage with a charge of cheating. The pack had been stacked; there were five jacks.

Month after month such stories are repeated. Only the details and the amounts of losses differ. Seldom do such swindles reach the courts or lead to the punishment of the offenders. The victims are loth to prosecute. They decline to give their names. They will not admit that they have been fleeced.

Scotland Yard has a long list of swindlers who "work" on the ocean liners, many of them using the sea voyage as the opening wedge for a final coup in a hotel in London or on the continent. There is Frank Tarbo, a Mexican crook, who was driven out of New York a few years ago. He is a loud-mouthed fellow with a villainous countenance, and poses as a Mexican who wants to sell a mine. Another is Arthur Pierce, an Australian by birth, but known here as "English Arthur." He usually pretends that he is a rich American cattle dealer going to Europe to see the sights. The way he manages the King's English aids in the deceit. Others on the Scotland Yard lists are Frank Carew, an Englishman of good family, who passes as a gentleman; "One-armed Owen," a clever card sharp; James Walsh; Alex Hassell, who was with Tod Sloane when he assaulted a waiter at Ascot, and two Englishmen, "Percival," alias William Sinclair, a mild-eyed, bald man, with a thick underlip, and Hugh L. Courtney, thin faced and with a melancholy aspect. "Dago Frank" and Charles Fisher, two New York burglars, have also turned their attention to steamship swindles.

Publicity the Cure.

Since the steamship swindles have been given widespread publicity, these crooks usually confine their efforts while aboard ship to "spotting" their victims and scraping an acquaintance that leads to a big game in London or Paris. Invariably well-dressed and affable as they are, usually good story-tellers, and with accounts of themselves that defy criticism, the professional crooks have many chances to learn of their intended victims. The appearance of the traveler's trunks, his dress and style of living aid the swindler in making his estimate. The smoking room offers opportunities for camaraderie. There is always more or less gossip about conspicuous passengers. When the swindler has scraped an acquaintance, it is easy to lead the conversation to questions of income, bank accounts, and letters of credit, or of how much money the traveler intends to spend while abroad.

When England is reached, the victim is invited to the crook's chambers. The swindlers usually frequent the large London hotels or restaurants that are popular with Americans—Prince's, the Savoy, the Carlton, the Berkeley, and the Bristol. Living in the same hotel with the victim, it is an easy matter to perfect the swindle, and there the game is ended.

Sunday Morning Chat.

The First Presbyterian Church can claim all the honors due a very old church and also a downtown church full of life and increasing power and usefulness. It had its origin in the days when Washington was only a city on paper and in the landmarks of the surveyor. As far back as 1795 the very small band, out of which the First Church grew, under the pastoral care of Rev. John Brackenridge, first met for worship without formal organization in a carpenter's shop in the White House grounds. Here they came from time to time till the building was pulled down. Their next meeting place was a farm house on F street near Tenth, where St. Patrick's Church now stands. In 1800 Mr. Brackenridge and his flock were to be found worshiping in the "Academy East," in the neighborhood of the navy yard, he sharing with them his time as supply to Bladensburg, preaching in this city once in three weeks. A twofold reason took them to this locality. They thought that Washington would grow eastward from the Capitol, and that as the requirements of the navy yard had brought a considerable colony to that section they might thereby add to their numbers and extend their usefulness. Their next move was to the Capitol, permission having been granted them to use the Supreme Court room for Sabbath services.

About the year 1811 they ceased to be a wandering flock. The church was formally organized by the Presbytery of Baltimore and named the First Presbyterian Church, of Washington, D. C., with the Rev. John Brackenridge as its first pastor. Plans for a permanent place of worship were made and a site selected on First street, just south of the Capitol, and the first shovelful of earth for the new sanctuary was turned by John Coyle, one of its first elders, on ground covered at that time by a thick growth of saplings, vines, and underbrush. On June 20, 1812, the congregation moved into the finished edifice commonly known as "The Little White Church Under the Hill." Some of its walls still stand, buried out of sight by the grading of later years. In 1817 the pastoral relation of Dr. Brackenridge was dissolved. His death occurred in 1841. It has been said that the words "No foot of land do I possess," so applicable to many clergymen, were not true in his case, as he possessed more than forty acres, which were sold to the late William W. Corcoran, and by him to the government for the Soldiers' Home. His place of burial is here, marked by a stone bearing this inscription: "Rev. John Brackenridge; died May 2, 1841; the first Presbyterian preacher in Washington City, and who also served the church at Bladensburg 40 years." His wife is buried beside him.

Owing to the continued growth of the congregation it became necessary to seek larger quarters. The site of the present First Presbyterian Church was purchased and a building erected and dedicated in December, 1827, the pastor, Rev. Dr. Reuben Post, preaching the sermon. It is recorded as "a day of great rejoicing in the history of the church." Again, as the years went by, there was more room needed, and, in 1860, a second story was constructed above the old one, giving a large auditorium. The front was altered and it was rededicated in December, the venerable Gardiner Spring, of New York, preaching the dedicatory sermon. From this time until 1892 the church remained with scarcely a change, when there were great improvements and alterations made, of which the church to-day is the outcome. This fall or winter the church is to be enlarged in order to provide room for the Sunday school class of Mr. Barton, which is one of the largest and most enthusiastic in the city.

From the beginning up to this time the church has been the resort of prominent men and women in all ranks of life, either as visitors or regular communicants. And Presidents Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk, Franklin Pierce, and Grover Cleveland worshiped here.

The First Church, in its more than 100 years of existence, has had among its pastors some of the most eloquent and distinguished preachers of the denomination. The late Dr. Byron Sunderland, who was installed in 1853 and served for forty-five years as active and three years as pastor emeritus, is held in tender memory in thousands of Washington homes. Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage came to the church in the fall of 1895 and served as co-pastor with Dr. Sunderland for several years. It was feared a few years ago that old First Church would be forced to leave its downtown location and move to the residential section, its membership had grown so small. But fortunately, Dr. Donald C. MacLeod was called as pastor in 1899, and under his vigorous, faithful ministry the congregation has grown until it is now one of the strongest churches in Washington.

Dr. Frederick D. Power celebrates his thirty-second anniversary as pastor of the Vermont Avenue Christian Church today, and all who have met Dr. Power congratulate the church on the fact that he has been the pastor for that length of time and hope his ministry may continue to help and bless not only his own church, but the city for years to come, as it has in the past. When Dr. Power came to the church it was a small frame chapel, the only one of the denomination in the city, and in 1884 on the site where it stood, the present commodious edifice was erected. It has now a membership of over 600. Not only so, but, as the fruit of his labor, there have grown the Ninth Street Christian Church, H Street Church, Fifteenth Street Church, Whitney Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street Church, beside, Antioch Church, Vienna, Va. In a delightful little volume, "Thoughts of Thirty Years," published by the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor of the Vermont Avenue Church, as a memorial of Dr. Power's thirtieth anniversary, Francis E. Clark, president of the World's Christian Endeavor Union, uses in his prefatory remarks these words, which are just as true to-day as they were then.

"To fill an important pulpit in the National Capital for almost a whole generation, and that generation in some respects the most stirring and memorable in our national history, has been the lot of very few men. To hold such a position with increasing power and influence during all these years, and to become more and more beloved, not only by his own congregation, but by a constantly increasing multitude outside of his own city and his own church, gives to Dr. Power a unique position among the ministers of America."

Rev. Charles E. Guthrie, who comes from Strawbridge Church, Baltimore, as Dr. Carl G. Doney's successor at Hamline Methodist Episcopal Church, will preach his initial sermon this morning. Dr. Guthrie has just returned from a European trip. The Baltimore Methodist, in regretting the change that takes him from that city, says:

"During his sixteen years of ministerial service here—these years including pastorates at Summerfield, Columbia Avenue, St. John's Independent, and Strawbridge—he rendered magnificent service, not only to Methodism, but also for many causes making for civic righteousness. From pulpit and platform, by pen and influence, he has made himself and his denomination felt in reform movements which have mightily helped this city and the State of Maryland. Genial, studious, industrious, alert, gifted with the initiative, we predict for him a ministry in our neighboring city which will reflect honor upon him and the denomination which he represents."

The international convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, to meet here September 25 to 29, has a programme arranged containing many interesting features. A service not before included in the Brotherhood conventions is a morning meeting for prayer, to continue about forty-five minutes. It is to be held every day excepting Sunday. Very helpful have devotional meetings of less formal character proved, which have been held at former conventions, and it is believed that these special services will give inspiration to the work of each day's session. The first morning prayer meeting will be Thursday, September 26, and will be led by Bishop Daniel Sylvester Tuttle, of St. Louis, Mo., his subject being "The Joy of Worship." Friday morning, the Right Rev. Edgar Jacob, Bishop of St. Alban's, England, will have charge, with "The Joy of Service" as the topic, and "The Joy of Sacrifice" will be the thought for Saturday's service, with the Most Rev. Enos Nuttal, Archbishop of the West Indies, as leader.

Those who do not understand the exact purpose of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew will be interested to know that it was organized for the one purpose of spreading Christ's kingdom among men. It works under two rules: One, known as the Rule of Prayer—"To pray daily for the spread of Christ's kingdom among men, and that Christ's blessing may be upon the labors of the Brotherhood," and the other, the Rule of Service—"To make at least one effort each week to bring some man nearer Christ through His Church."

I fancy sanatoriums and health resorts would not be nearly so overcrowded by those seeking a cure for overtaxed brains and tired nerves, if more would follow the example set by Bishop Leighton Coleman, of Delaware, and take a yearly vacation, spent in a long walking tour. For the past fifty years the bishop, who is one of the most eminent divines in the country, has found recreation and pleasure in these journeyings, and, though now in his seventy-first year, is as enthusiastic as ever over the delights of pedestrianism, and attributes his vigor and ability to do hard work to this healthful exercise. He is now on his annual tramp, and, as is his custom before starting, laid aside his clerical dress and donned the garb of an everyday citizen. He uses no disguise, but does not tell who he is, as he thinks by remaining unknown he gets nearer to the people he meets by the way, and he likes—

To find his theaters in roadside nooks,
Where men are actors and suspect it not.

His tour last year covered two hundred and ten miles, along the Susquehanna River, and through the Cumberland Valley. He walked on an average twenty-one miles a day; his banner day was twenty-six miles, and he said he "was then not trying." Many and entertaining are the experiences of these trips. Last year he was asked several times a week what he had to sell, or what industry he represented; was taken, on a number of occasions, for a fortune-teller, and was offered a job at picking apples by a farmer. The cost of a tour like his, the bishop says, is very little. At one hotel where he stopped to spend the night he secured supper, lodging, and breakfast for 50 cents, and at times he has been given reduced rates because of a belief that he was too poor to ride, and was compelled to walk. On occasions he has slept in barns or wherever necessity required.

ELIZABETH FRENCH.